## Why I Believe in Santa Claus

in Santa Claus."

dead, who never to himself hath said

If there be doubt in the mind of any

boy or girl in Rock Island who has

been striving to do his best or her

best in order to win the favor, either

in larger or smaller quantity, of the

mysterious little elf, let his or her

People of various avocations in Rock Island, grown people, too, have written

The Argus letters expressing their

faith both in Santa Claus and the

spirit that makes his visitations such

So that any boy or girl in Rock Is-

land who fears that Santa Claus will

fail to visit every deserving child in

this city may put anxiety on that score aside. Santa Claus will be on the job

A POPULAR MOVEMENT.

For three years The Argus has con

ducted, with most gratifying results, a

Santa Claus movement for poor chil-

dren, accompanied by what is known

as the Good Fellowship opportunity for

all who may desire to play Santa Claus

themselves. The conditions of this

enterprise are familiar to most people,

and in order to bring the Santa Claus

sentiment in all that it means to child-

hood, home to those good-hearted peo-

ple who have sided The Argus Santa

Claus movement in the past and are

aiding it this season, as well as to

THE INVITATION.

"The Argus will be pleased to have

With rare exception the note was

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

What is most significant in all the

peculiarly to this time of year. It is a

feeling of affection and of universal

good will and good cheer. But, read

for yourself, why the older people of

Rock Island believe in Santa Claus, as

indicated by the letters that have been

A REAL SANTA CLAUS STORY.

Claus?" "Why, yes, dear, to be sure I

do. Let me tell you a story and then

you will know why I believe in him.

Last year, just before Christmas, some

good-hearted men, fearing that the

task of looking up all the children was

too much for Santa Claus who is grow-

ing old you know, decided to help him

out. They started a Santa Claus fund

committee who immediately got in

the places that were visited, but

will tell you of one family where San-

Little Dorothy, six years of age, was

that a generous sum was soon realized, in a basement-and one after the oth-

"Auntie, do you believe in Santa

sent to The Argus:

gladsome occasion for childhood.

doubts be forever dispelled.

Citizens From all the Walks of Life in Rock Island Breathe True Christmas Spirit in Letters to The Argus

And all through the house

Not even a mouse"

"He had a red nose

And a little round belly

Like a bowlful of jelly."

then indeed am I deceived.

And again

Not a creature was stirring,

That shook when he laughed

If these words portray not the truth,

REAL HAPPINESS.

happiness is in making others happy

Christmas spirit of good cheer, kind-

Claus," "Jack Frost," "the Sandman"

body the spirit of the dear old man,

and make it a part of himself to

THE GENEROUS IMPULSE.

MARGARET A. GILES.

ROBERT W. OLMSTED.

means of keeping alive the memories

and customs of the Christmas festival.

If it can be called a delusion, it is one

manifest in deeds later in life.

ory of the past, sweet?

and rounded over.

generosity

enjoyments of childhood.

childhood. E. F. BARTHOLOMEW.

BECAUSE HE IS SO REAL.

represents!

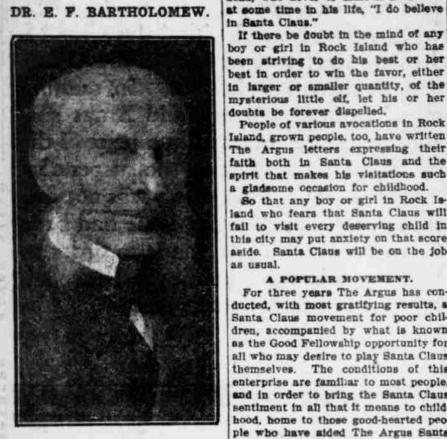
and others from the realm of fancy.

HUGH E. CURTIS.

H. H. HULL.



DR. E. F. BARTHOLOMEW.



H. M. SCHRIVER.



H. E. CASTEEL

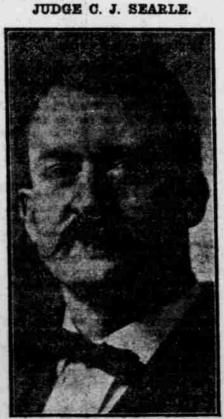


HON. L. S. M'CABE.



DR. G. L .EYSTER.





H. A. J. M'DONALD.







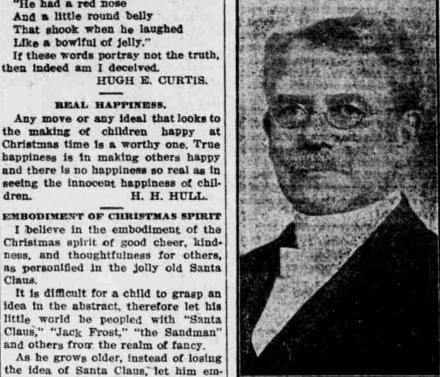
F. G. YOUNG.

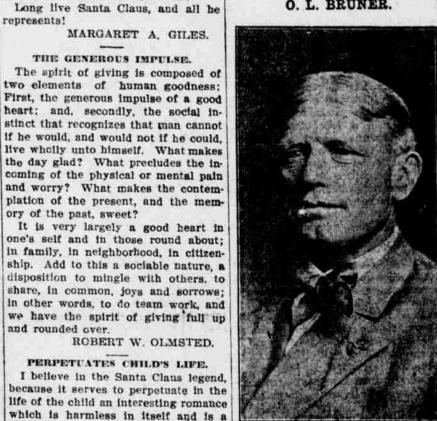


Belief in Santa Claus enhances the



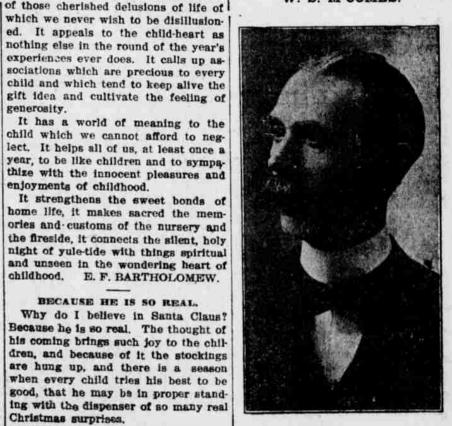
DR. W. S. MARQUIS.





W. S. M'COMBS.





M. H. SEXTON.



## "Pes, Birginia, There is a Santa Claus," Wrote a Great Editor to a Little Girl.

Once a little girl wrote this letter to Charles A .Dana, the great editor of the New

Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my friends say that there is no Santa Claus. Papa says: "If you see it in The Sun, it's so." Please tell me the VIRGINIA O. HANLON. truth. Is there a Santa Claus?

And the editor of The Sun, mighty man of invective and sarcasm, became "even as a little child," and wrote the following charming reply, than which in all the realm of childhood sentiment there is nothing sweeter:

Virginia: Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They will not believe except they see.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.

He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauties and joy.

Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no c'ildlike faith, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

You might get your papt to hire men to watch all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men see. Nobody can see or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseen le in this world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest that ever lived can ever tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love and romance can push aside that curtain and view the picture, supernal beauty and glory beyond.

Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing so real and abiding. No Santa Claus? Thank God, he lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia-nay ten times ten thousand years from now-he will continue to make glad the hearts of childhood.



steps leading into the basement, the door flew open, and there, stood Santa Claus, carrying a large basket, the other arm full of bundles, and accompanied by a beautiful young lady, who also had her arms full of bundles. The children recovering from their great surprise, looked on in amazement, as all sorts of presents, toys of every description, books, warm mittens, stockings and caps, as well as bags containing all sorts of good things, cranges, apples, candy, nuts, and cakes, were distributed, until every one was well supplied, and Oh! wonder of wonders! Dorothy found herself hugging a large beautiful doll! Santa and his companion disappeared as suddenly as they had appeared and after they were gone a large basket was opened, which contained everything imaginable necessary for a good Christmas dinner.

The next day a lady who dropped in to see the family, was greeted by happy faced children, eager to show their presents and Dorothy with shining eyes cried, "Oh! Santa Claus camed to see us last night, and he bringed me this dollie." "And Mrs. Santa Claus comed too, and she gived me this," cried little Carl, joyfully banging away on his drum.

The mother, with tears in her eyes tried to tell of what Santa's visit meant to them, of the good dinner they enand everybedy who wished could take city. Misfortune had followed them to foyed, which was the first for a long, a part in this good work. The people their new home, which was a very long time, and there in the damp, responded so well to their appeals, poor one indeed, just two small rooms dark basement came joy and happiness, because Santa Claus had found and this was placed in the hands of a er, the members of this family were DINA RAMSER.

taken sick, the father first, then Dortouch with Santa, and on Christmas othy and then the baby, too, became WHERE SANTA TAUGHT A LESSON. eve many homes were visited and ill, and it was a sad and discouraged The query indicates that some one scores of children were made happy. family indeed, who were looking for has doubt as to the existence of Santa I haven't the time to tell you of all ward to the coming of Christmas day, Claus and for the benefit of that perwith not even enough food in the house. Dorothy' mother, usually so son, I will tell how I discovered that ta Claus' visit was especially appre- hopeful and cheerful had just said, there really is a Santa Claus. While "Santa Claus will never be able to quite young, I conceived the idea that find us this year," when suddenly a some one was fooling me and I openly YOU BET I DO. the eldest of a family of four chil- noise was heard as though some one evpressed my disbelief in Santa Claus.

the house who had been filling my stocking for years with good things and when I arose that Christmas morning, I was confident that my stocking

MISS MARGARET GILES.

would be filled as usual. It was, but the filling was ashes and then I knew that Santa Claus had punished me. Since then I have been faithful to him and he generally remembers me.

O. L. BRUNER.

I BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS. Aye, Aye; Oul, Oul; And once again "Breathes there a man with soul so Christmas surprises. dren, who had lately moved into the was falling down the dark narrow I was sure that it was someone about dead, who never to himself has said"-